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NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1899.

NUMBER 874.

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"I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW."

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•LIFE•



"ONE WOULD THINK, BY THE ADVICE YOU ARE GIVING ME, THAT YOU KNOW MORE THAN I DO."
"WELL, DAD, YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT I AM YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE."

• LIFE •



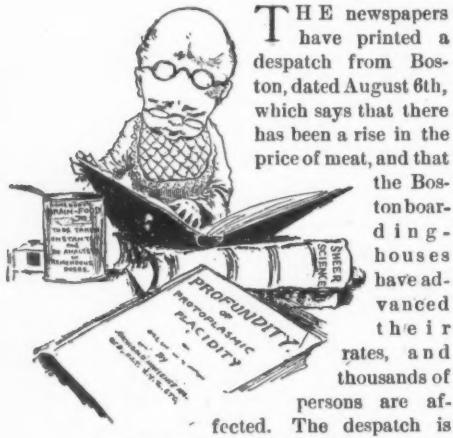
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIV. AUGUST 24, 1899. NO. 874.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE newspapers have printed a despatch from Boston, dated August 6th, which says that there has been a rise in the price of meat, and that the Boston boarding-houses have advanced their rates, and thousands of persons are affected. The despatch is obscure, even as compared with newspaper despatches in general. The design seems to be to prompt the inference that the rise in meat and in board bear to one another the relation of cause and effect, instead of being mere coincidences. If board followed meat up, it is a case not of *propter hoc*, but of *post hoc*. The price of board is only affected by the price of meat in places where meat is a staple of diet, whereas we all know that in Boston beans is the staple article of food, being usually buttressed by brown bread. Everyone who knows Boston knows that meat, though sometimes surreptitiously consumed by Italians and other new-comers, is regarded by the natives with curious, though compassionate interest. Clams, it is true, are eaten to some extent in Boston, the habit being formed by citizens of the town who spend their summers on Cape Cod. It was on the Cape, as all will remember, that a Boston lady, a friend and doubtless a patient of the late Dr. Holmes

(who told the story), partook so persistently of clams that towards the close of the season she found to her dismay that her stomach rose and fell with the tide. The incident, which attracted the attention of scientists, was influential in convincing Bostonians that a leguminous diet is the safest. The absurd suggestion that meat is an element of importance in Boston board is only mentioned here to illustrate the effrontery of the newspapers, which are ready at any time to print anything anyone is simple enough to believe.



ing is not to stir Boston up against Georgia, but to stir up the men in Georgia who hate lynching to the point of insisting that it shall stop, and that the courts shall punish criminals promptly.



WE may look for a succession of reports for a month or two to come to the effect that this or that rich American has bolted his allegiance and become a Briton. There are such reports already out about one or two men. Don't believe them. All such stories are unlikely, because the action they predict or pretend to record is unprofitable. Americans who want to live in England can live there to far better advantage as American citizens than as subjects of the Queen. Most of them are well aware of it, and have no mind at all to change their status.



IF the purification of the city of Cleveland goes on with the vigor with which it has recently progressed, a mound will have to be erected presently on Lake Erie to show where the town was. It was announced some time ago that the Standard Oil Company, in umbrage at the aspersions cast on its piety by Ohio officials, proposed to fold its tanks and depart out of the State. For two months past the street railway fight and supplementary boycott have been going on, with pretty much all Cleveland mixed up in it. Where is the great apostle of business? Where is Mark Hanna? How does he feel as he contemplates the consequences of the prosperity that he has brought down on the heads of his fellow-citizens? No prosperity, no strikes! Surely this also is Hanna's work.

If the situation was bad when the strike began—it is not clear that it was bad—it is much worse now. The organization of labor is right, but, somehow, ninety nine strikes out of every hundred seem to justify Dr. Franklin's remark that experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. Organization is to labor what a standing army is to a State. Perhaps the time will come when labor unions will be as chary of striking as modern nations are of going to war.



HISTORICAL BITS.

1.

ALTHOUGH PONCE DE LEON NEVER REALLY FOUND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, HE WAS SHOWN MANY PLACES TO BATHE AND REJUVENATE.

A Puzzle Story.

PATRICK O'SHAUGHNESSEY and Michael Grogan were discussing politics on the northeast corner of the street crossing, and Wilhelm Schwartzmeister and August Guckenheimer were discussing the same subject on the southwest corner.

On one of these corners a fight ensued.
On which corner was it?

Hazards.

THERE is no links, however watched
and tended,
But some bad lies are there.
There is no drive, how'er with skill 'tis
blended,
But oft leads to despair.

IT is a wise actress that knows her own husband.

ONCE upon a time a peasant observed, with much uneasiness, that his goose was laying golden eggs.

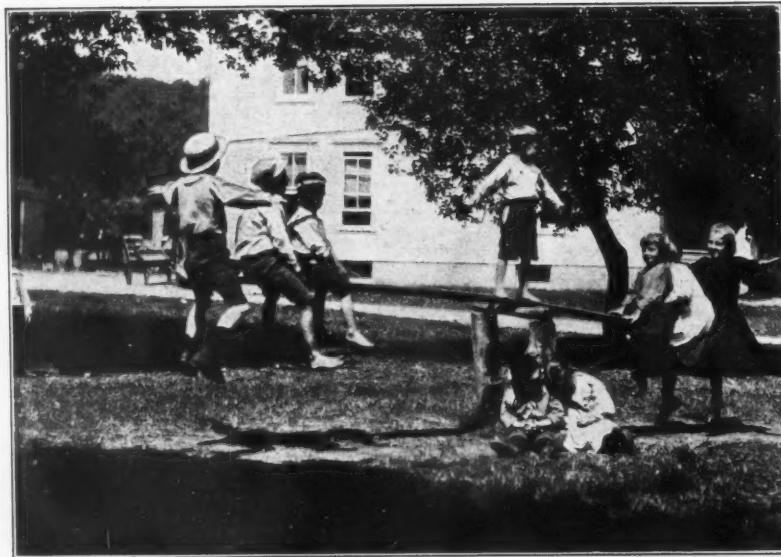
Of course, he killed the goose.

"For," he exclaimed, "were this to continue, the mortgage on my farm would presently be lifted, and I should be left without political prestige in the community."

Some people can't stand prosperity.

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AT LIFE'S FARM.

"Money to Burn."

"I'VE money to burn," he yawned, "and I'm sick of the smell of smoke,
The life of the man of leisure is a beastly solemn joke.
I've fished and fished for pleasure, and had only fisherman's luck,
Till I'm tempted to take my treasure and give it a good-by chuck.
I was sick before of baching, I'm sicker of married life,
My honeymoon's not over and I'm tired to death of my wife;
And she's just as tired of me—we can't seem to hit it off—
We're sick of our bikes and our coach; we're sick of our yacht
and golf.
I'm dead to the old world, dead to the new; I'm weary of drink
and grub;
I'm sick of Me and I'm tired of You and of every bore of a club!"
"Money to burn!"—no fop, but a demon of mockery spoke,
For his fellow-men bake in the sun; with the fumes of the heat
they choke.
The sky goes mad with the glare, and the pitiless, withering heat
Turns every house to an oven; to a canyon of hell, each street.
But the pavements are seething with wretches who stagger and
jostle and run,
From the dawn that kindles the earth to the dusk of the burnt-out sun.
They are wounded like soldiers in battle, these private heroes of
peace,
But they have no fame, no triumph, and their struggles never
cease.
For, summer or winter, the poor must work, and fight off the
useless groans,
Though the sun strike them down in the loathesome ditch, and
the horses drop dead on the stones.
"Money to burn!" and the paupers have only their flesh for the fire,
Tongues parched, and brains that fry, and cinders of fierce desire.
When the poor lay down their shovels, they hasten to tenement-cheer,
Are glad to sleep on a roof, and rich in a can of beer.

But the wealthy shut down their desks and rush to the seaward
trains,
While the laborers stay and sweat, and dream of the twilight lanes;
And the little ones wail and fret, too feeble even to play,
And their mothers look from the tubs and watch them wasting
away.
They can't earn the money, they can't get the time, to travel the
palty miles
To the long, soft sand where the waves make rhyme, or the hills
where the lake-land smiles.

"Money to burn!"—my God! and he doesn't know what to do
With the dollars that rescue souls from the straits want drives
them to!
A man has a right to a respite from lending his bones to the rack,
And the world owes a woman a moment to foster her cheek-
roses back;
But, most, the world owes to its children the freedom of All
Outdoors,
The playground of legended forests, wide meadows and water-
sweet shores.
And the rich have this privilege royal, to help the down fallen to
rise
And get back to Nature for comfort, keep touch with the earth
and the skies.
O fortunate You, that have money to burn, go set Pity's altar aglow!
Pay back to the toilers that built it up, a tithe of the wealth you
owe;
And help God's poor from the bitter fire of unrelinquished woe!

Rupert Hughes.

CATTERSON: I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He is weak, vacillating, apparently without any mind of his own, and ready to do what anyone else tells him.

HATTERSON: Never mind, old man. That boy may be President of the United States some day.

•LIFE•

147

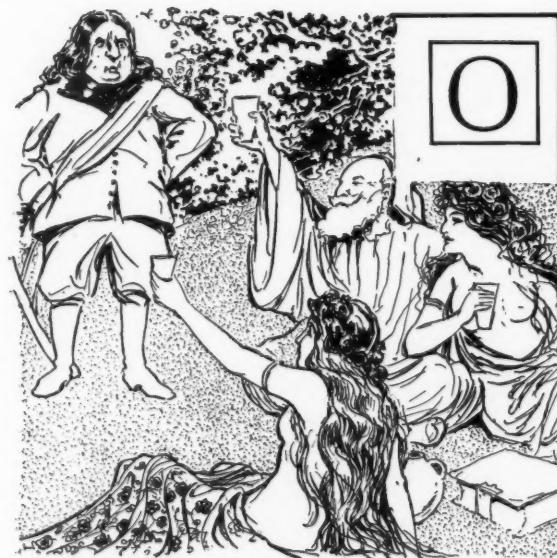
LIFE'S BIOGRAPHICAL PRIMER.



M IS MacDuff, who's prevailed upon Milton,
Montaigne and Miss Manon
To each try a kilt on.



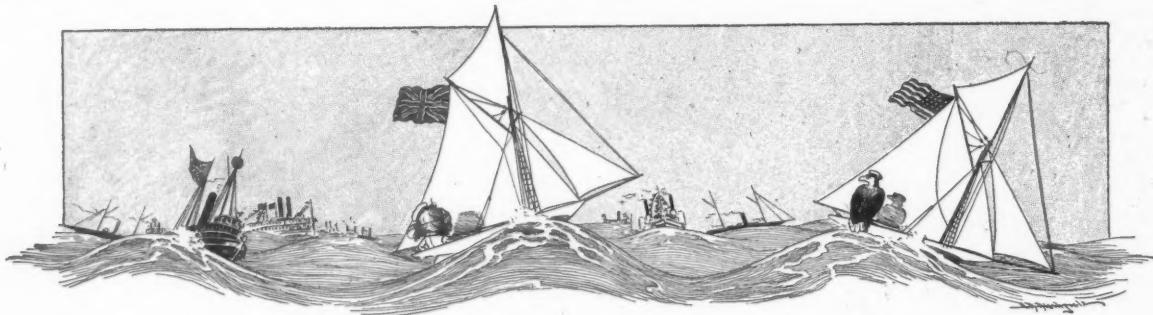
N IS Napoleon shrouded in gloom,
With Nero, Narcissus and Nordau, to whom
He's explaining the manual of arms with a broom.



O IS for Oliver, casting aspersion
On Omar, that awfully dissolute Persian,
Though secretly longing to join the diversion.



P IS for Peter, who hollers "No! No!"
Through the keyhole to Paine,
Paderewski and Poe.



ANY ONE'S RACE SO FAR.

Americans Abroad.

WE can go to sleep in London in the rain,
And awake in giddy Paris-sur-la-Seine,
We can dine with Madame Sara
On the famous Riviera,
And spend the night at Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

We can hurry on to Norway if we like,
Or cross the great Sahara on a bike,
Then, without a word of warning,
We can spend to-morrow morning
At Haarlem with a Dutch girl on a dike.

We can circumnavigate the waters blue,
And the Czar of all the Russias interview,
And then, desire unjaded,
Seek a country uninvaded,
Or thread the mazy streets of Timbuctoo.

We can picnic underneath St. Peter's dome,
Or play checkers in a chilly catacomb,
Till at last the only places
Where we haven't shown our faces
Will be the great North Pole—oh, yes, and home!

Robert Gilbert Welsh.



The Optimism of Mr. McCarthy.

ANY reader of Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" knows that he has a delightfully easy style and a knack of picturesque characterization. The reader also knows that Mr. McCarthy has had a very active life as journalist, novelist, and political leader. These three careers have brought him in contact with a great many eminent men.

Recently he found himself regaining his health at a quiet village by the sea, and for the first time in his life he had nothing to do. So he devised the pleasant task of writing two volumes of "Reminiscences" (Harper). His versatile career gave him abundant material; his graceful style made the material inviting; and, moreover, the author had the felicity to be born an Irishman! The man and his career and his literary fluency have combined to make these Reminiscences extremely entertaining.

* * *

HOW very much "worth while" is the life offered a public man in England! Mr. McCarthy's volumes show the "open door" to all pleasant things for a man of refined tastes. The life



First Lion: ANY CHOICE, OLD MAN?

"I'LL HAVE A LITTLE OF THE DARK IF YOU DON'T MIND."

is complex, and the interests are so varied that the life itself is an educator. To an American, there are made plain several surprising things about London life:

Along certain lines it seems very democratic. Men who "do things" meet each other freely, and the statesman is glad to know the writer and the commercial leader. There is free trade in intelligence of all kinds.

The money standard never crops out in these Reminiscences. Many holders of vast possessions are spoken of, but it is because they are eminent for something else. There is no mention of meeting "millionaire —" for the sake of his millions.

The serious purpose of most of the men mentioned is notable. A man is an orator, a painter, a poet, a novelist, a wit—and is glad to be known as such, and to cultivate seriously the accomplishment. These careers are considered worthy of thoughtful consideration by people of importance. The atmosphere of the place lends dignity to an intellectual pursuit. The only thing approaching that atmosphere here is found in old university towns. But in our great cities the standard of admiration is commercial.

It will not do to say that all this is only for the favored few. Mr. McCarthy went up to London a poor Irish journalist, with an indifferent education, but he soon found his intellectual level.

Moreover, there does not seem to be a particle of pose in the life as he saw it, though everybody knows that there are sets there who pose to impress each other. The really great men are natural and simple.

* * *

But in all such generalizations one must discount the personality of Mr. McCarthy, and that is the chief charm of the book. He is consistently modest without any affectation of modesty, and yet the most striking portrait in the book is that which he unconsciously draws of himself. He has the fire and generosity of the Irish. All his friends are "remarkable," and he finds something good to say about his enemies. He delights in removing what he believes are misconceptions of the irritating traits of men he has known. His invariable reply is, "I never found him disagreeable to me." Of course not! Who could be unpleasant to a genial optimist on the lookout for the other fellow's best points?

The critical reader will, therefore, discount some of Mr. McCarthy's estimates. When he calls Mr. Depew the greatest after-dinner orator except Dickens, and Miss Roban "the finest English-speaking actress I ever saw," you can easily shade down his superlatives for other worthies.

But don't shade down your estimate of Mr. McCarthy. Generous optimism is a quality worth any amount of critical hair-splitting. Moreover, it accomplishes more things, and with less friction.

Droch.

Arranging Matters.

"THIS fishing trip isn't going to be a success without you," said Giggton, earnestly, "and I hope that you won't disappoint us."

Whittler shrugged his shoulders with an air of careless indifference. "I admit," he said, "that I shall have to arrange matters with my wife; but I haven't been married five years for nothing, and

you can count on me."

"I knew you would go," said Giggton, confidently.

"You can bet on me every time," said Whittler. "So, au revoir, old man. To-morrow morning at 7:30."

Jumping into a car, he passed the next twenty minutes in arranging his method of procedure, and one hour later he sat at the dinner table with his wife—on his face an expression of listlessness, and an unnatural stoop to his usually erect shoulders.

"What's the matter, dear?" said Mrs. Whittler; "you don't eat anything."

Whittler smiled feebly. "Nothing," he said, with a half-hearted attempt at brightness. "I'm feeling a little stale, that's all. Been working too hard, I guess."



Huntsman: OH, HANG IT! FORGOT THE SHELLS. CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING OF LATE.

Bruin: WELL, JUST BEAR ME IN MIND.

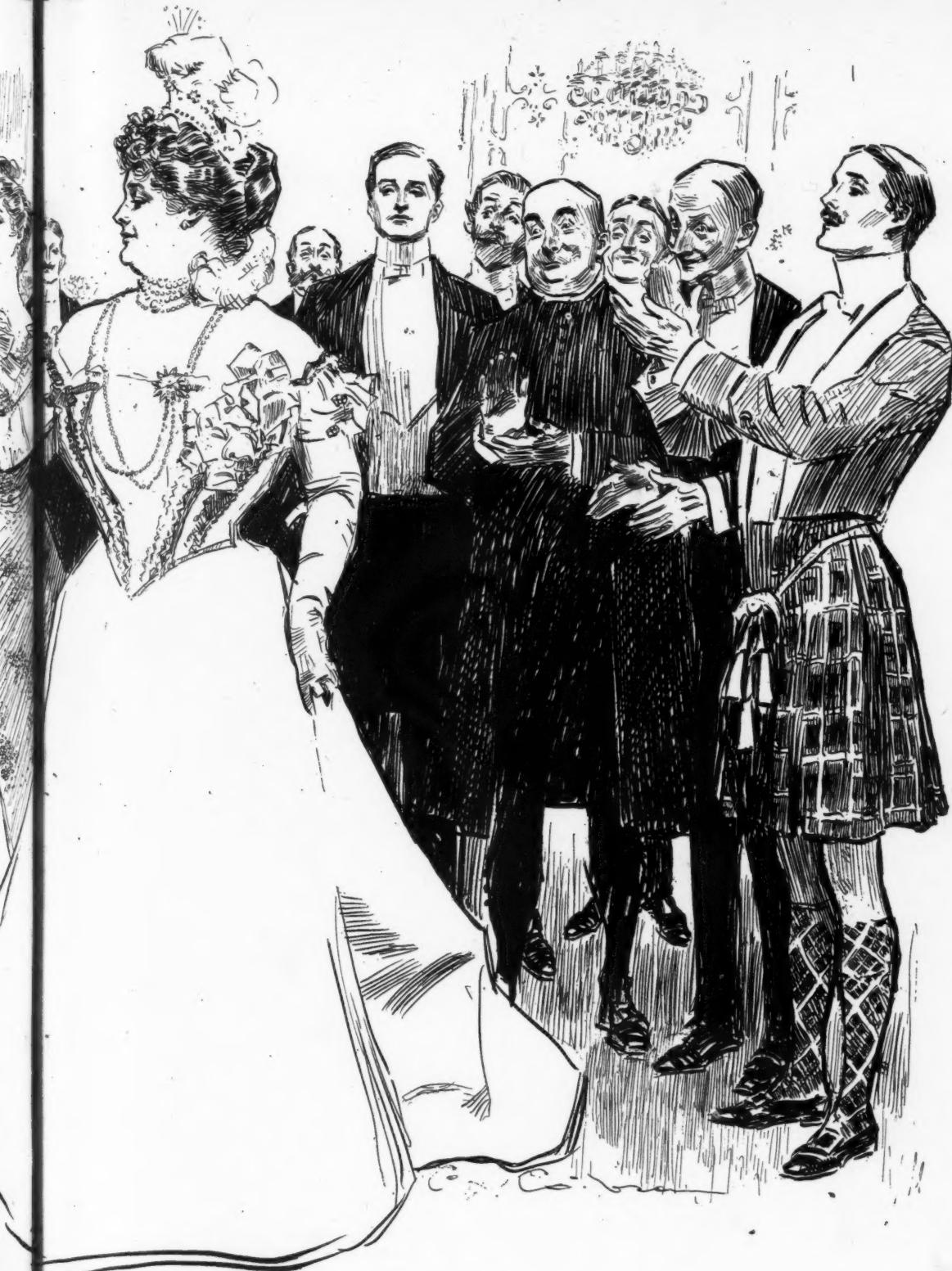


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THE EDUCATION OF MR.

ON THE OCCASION OF MR. PIPP'S BIRTHDAY BALL IS G

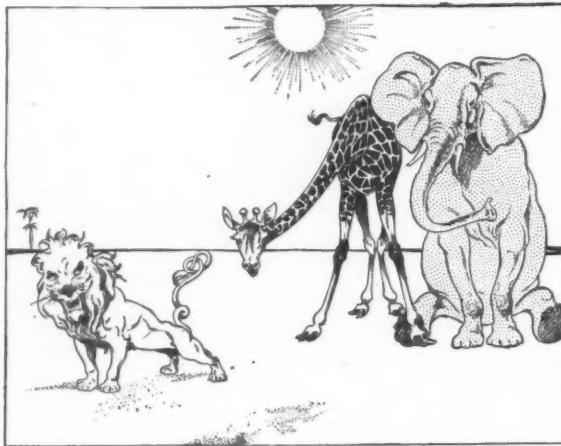
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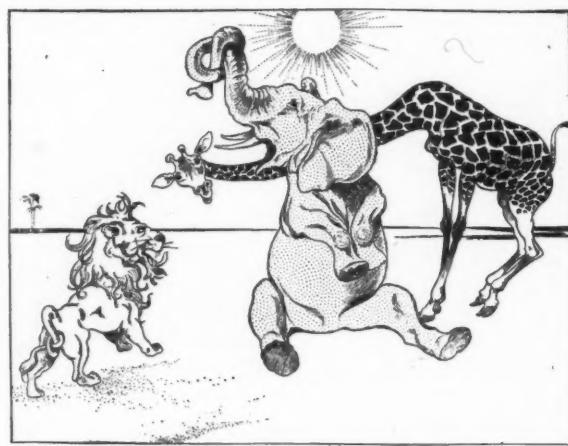
ICATION OF MR. PIPP.

XX

BIRTHDAY BALL IS GIVEN AT CARONEY CASTLE.



The Lion (tying a knot in his tail): SAY, CAN EITHER OF YOU FELLOWS DO THIS?



The Elephant: NO; BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS?

Notes from the Watering Places.

NEWPORT.

MRS. ASTORGA appeared on the beach last Thursday in a bathing suit. She did not go in the water, but since then all society is taking its daily dip in the briny. The local authorities will be requested to arrange the tides differently, so that our social leaders may bathe and yet not be late for luncheon at the Casino.

One of the stupid townspeople had the impertinence to get in the way of Miss Gladys Mennirocks's automobile yesterday. Miss Gladys was racing with Tommy Angloass, and, lightly skimming over the person, won by a little more than two lengths.

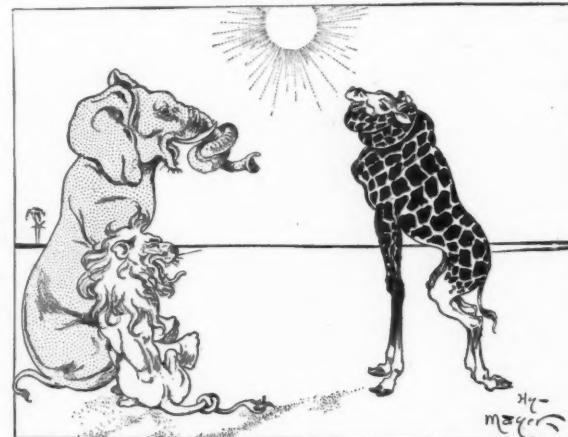
Speaking of autos reminds me that Belfry Bats has just got out a new *teuf teuf* from Paris. It is the envy of all the mobists, and cost him at least one



hundred and twenty thousand francs.

All Newport's *haut ton* is agog over the rumored engagement of Mrs. Ted Gothegate to Willie Winemall. Floey Winemall—whose brilliant wedding summer before last is well remembered by all who were invited—has not yet returned from South Dakota, but expects her decree next week. Mrs. Ted has not yet begun proceedings, but will at an early day, and meanwhile Ted is paying assiduous court to one of this year's fairest *débutantes*.

The Van Vulgahs are remodelling Dallareiffs, the charming cottage they bought last year from the Chumpleigh-Spenders. The silver-gilt gate-posts were only a temporary makeshift, and will be replaced by new ones of solid gold with the Van Vulgahs' crest in diamonds.



The Giraffe: AND HOW'S THIS?

BAR HARBOR.

THE arrival of Admiral Sampson's fleet has livened up things considerably. His officers show more interest in the Bar from which this place takes its name than in Boston's most intellectual belles.

Miss Sallie Tewstep was lost on Green Mountain last Thursday evening while out for a stroll with young Daddis Millions of Boston. It was not intentional on Miss Sallie's part, of course, but the engagement will be announced next week.

The Standysshe-Aldens gave a buckboard party Friday. It was very exclusive, and none of the New York crowd was invited.

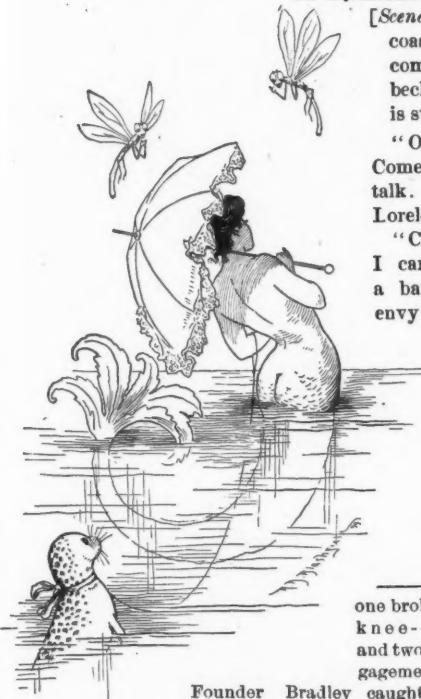
ASBURY PARK.

BISHOP JOWLER held a service for the bathers on the beach just before bathing hour yesterday. It was a touching sight to see the Bishop's silvery locks blowing about his venerable head, and his blue flannel bathing suit flopping in the wandering breezes.

The Second Methodist Bicycle Corps had its regular moonlight run last evening. It was an inspiring sight as they crossed the bridge, singing "What Shall the Harvest Be." The harvest was

The Mermaid and the Summer Girl.

AN AQUARELLE.



one broken
knee-cap
and two en-
gagements.

Founder Bradley caught a young woman from Philadelphia smoking a cigarette on the board-walk the other evening. She was sent to the Bastile for sixty days.

Have your tin-type taken in a bathing suit. When you look at it next winter it will make you think of summer days.

NARRAGANSETT PIER.

SINCE the Baltimore girls have arrived the price of cocktails at the Casino has been advanced to thirty cents. An example of the law of supply and demand.

Forty-seven engagements up to date. This beats the Newport score by twenty-three.

LONG BRANCH.

THE Ickensteiners are registered at the Worst End Hotel.

Mrs. Goldstein of St. Louis bathed yesterday. Her diamond earrings and sunburst attracted a great deal of admiration from her fellow-bathers.

At the request of many of the guests, broiled ham and pork chops have been removed from the bill of fare at the Worst End.

Mr. Dreistein's child, David, accidentally swallowed a silver fifty-cent piece yesterday. Its speedy recovery gave happiness to a large number of friends who witnessed the event.

[Scene.—A picturesque bit of coast. The Summer Girl comes up after a dive and beckons to the Mermaid who is swimming near.]

"Oh, you beautiful thing! Come up here on the rocks and talk. Is your name Lurline or Lorelei?"

"Call me Lulu. You know I can't go up there without a bathing suit. Oh, how I envy you!"

"Why, you foolish girl! You are a beautiful Mermaid, and I'm only a Summer Girl!"

"Yes, but you have legs, and can wear those beautiful silk stockings. You don't know what it is to have no legs."

"Oh, they get monotonous after a while, Lulu. I don't half appreciate mine."

"If you woke up some morning and found yourself just with fins you'd feel differently."

"Why don't you run ribbon through them and tie them in little bows? Blue would be pretty for you. You have such gorgeous hair."

"You've no idea what a bother it is. The waves tangle it so. And my comb and glass tarnish awfully."

"But your hair and your shape are really splendid. You've such pretty shoulders. You never wear any—"



LIFE'S ALBUM OF FRIENDSHIPS.
ADMIRALS SAMPSON AND SCHLEY.

• LIFE •

"No. I found a pair of blue satin ones that had fallen overboard from a yacht, but they wouldn't even meet. I've a dreadful waist—twenty-five inches!"

"Don't you care. You're classic, you know. Don't you ever try to do your hair pompadour?"

"It simply won't stay in. It's so damp home. I am having the new phosphorescent lights put in my flat in the Coral Caves, and they say it will make it drier."

"Do you like keeping house in a cave?"

"Yes, it's lovely, and just as safe. Our janitor is a man-eating shark. I've got such a pretty garden. Seven different kinds of seaweed. You must come and have tea with me some day. We have lots of fun."

"What do you do besides sing?"

"Oh, play."

"Games?"

"Yes—shell games. Then we have a society for improving the condition of the little fishes, and our mothers' clubs—"

"Mothers' clubs? Are there Mer-babies, too?"

"Why, no. Mothers' clubs just talk about babies."

"H-m-m! Are the Mer-men nice?"

"We have no men."

"No men! Oh, you poor thing! Then you don't know how to flirt, do you?"

"They say we do. You know—ha, ha!—they say that's why we come up and sit on the rocks and sing. Just fancy!"

"But why *do* you come up and sing?"



David: SORRY, GOLIATH, BUT I HAD TO HAVE MY LITTLE FLING.

"Just for a little exercise. And they even accuse us of flirting with common sailors! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"You laugh just like a breeze."

"Yes, so a young chap from the hotel told me yesterday. I met him in the funniest way. He was diving, and he came up near my rock, and asked me what kind of peroxide I used. Then I laughed and—"

"But you don't really lure people, do you?"

"My dear, can I help it if men insist on escorting me home? One doesn't like to be rude. Well, this fellow was very good-looking, and we made an engagement to meet on the beach at moonlight. And last night he—ha, ha!—you won't breathe it, will you?—showed me how to smoke a cigarette, and then I sang two little things, a French song and a lullaby, and he sang a beautiful song for me, a coon song, and—sh! there he comes now. I must go out and comb my hair. Isn't he nice? Bye-bye!"

"Why, you hateful thing, you! That's Jack! And we're engaged, and if you dare—"

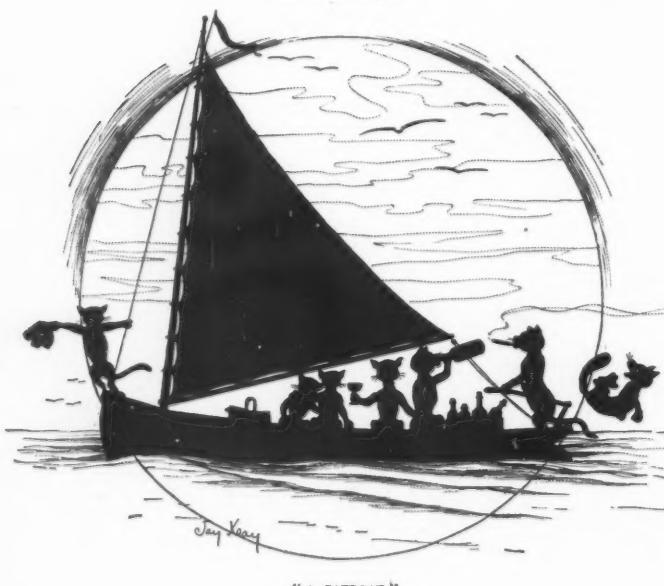
"Ha, ha, ha, ha! I can't help it. He insisted on having my address. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Good-by, dear. I'm going to dive now. Don't forget. Coral Caves, first floor to the right; ring twice for the janitor. Bye-bye."

Kate Masterson.

SANDERS: That's a splendid school of anti-imperialism the War Department is running.

BRENNAN: How so?

"Every soldier sent to the Philippines who returns comes back an anti-expansionist."



"A CATBOAT."

Lines to the U. S. Mint.

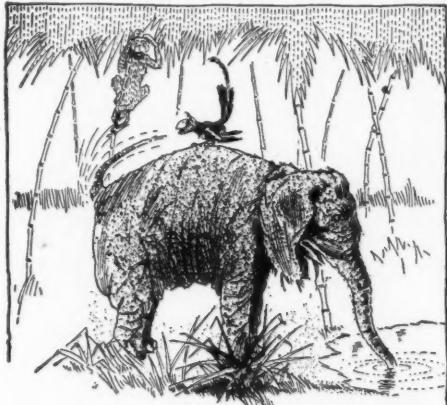
O H, wonderful herb of the shade,
Deep-nurtured near Nature's green heart,
For the wise man's delight thou wast made,
Aye, for juleps—when mixed by the art
Understood in the Land where they know what good ham is,
And where, once, great statesmen were nursed by black
mammies

Who taught them to heap up the ice,
A gallon, or more, broken fine,
In a silvery bowl on whose marginal
scroll

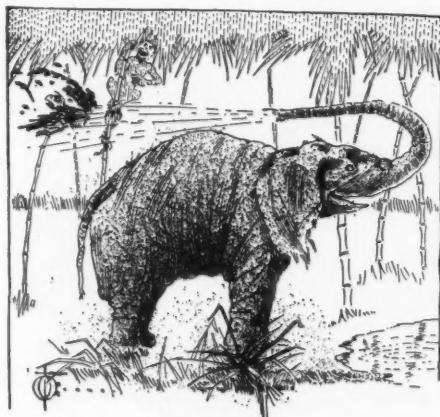
Nymphs danced in a frenzy divine;
And then of cut sugar to drop in a hint,
And fill all the crevices full of fresh mint!

Now—of course you will try—as it
steeps,
Pour Bourbon in, Bourbon so old
That it sighs from the crystalline deeps
And fades, like a flower, in the cold;
Then, just add a gill of Jamaica, to blend
The soul of the bowl with the soul of a
friend.

John Paul Bocock.



*The Parrot: HA! HA! CAN'T QUITE DO IT,
CAN YOU?*



The Elephant: OH, I DON'T KNOW!



THE CRUSHER.

*The Elder: WILL YOU PLEASE TO REMOVE DAT HEN-COOP WHAT YOU DONE GOT ON
YOU HEAD SO DAT I CAN OBSARVE DE PREACHER?*

*"HEN-COOP, MISTER SPOONER! HEN-COOP! IF DAT STRIKES YOU AS BEING A HEN-
COOP DEN I SARTINLY WILL REMOVE IT, FOR WID YOU IN DE VICINITY DEY ISN'T A
BIRD SAFE WHAT'S ON IT."*

Mourning Costumes.

It is not really mourning to wear white, even during the summer, immediately after the death of some relative. There should be worn instead black muslin, black lawn, black mousseline de soie, and all the other thin materials in dead black. These should be made without any white trimming whatever, and, if possible, should be trimmed only with the same material. After six months a nuns' veiling trimmed with rows of dead-black ribbon or a lustreless crêpe de Chine may be used. This, however, would not do for a widow; though after six months it might be worn by a woman who had lost some near relative.—*Harper's Bazar*.

AND if the deceased person is only a half sister, the passementerie might be lightened up with a little pink and yellow stitching. In the seventeenth week of mourning for a first cousin once removed it would be

a touching tribute to wear black silk stockings with violet tops and shoe-strings to match.

Grief which must express itself in the outer garments is apt to be so sincere that its gradual mitigation should be very carefully marked—otherwise its original sincerity might be doubted.

IT appears that various of the English reviews and newspapers are scoffing coarsely at Colonel Roosevelt's narrative of the exploits of the Rough Riders, and intimate that the commander of that heroic regiment has overestimated the importance of that organization and its services.

As much as that has been suspected, even in this country.

LIFE



WHEN Prince Napoleon put into the port of Cork, so runs the story, the city was presided over by a chief magistrate who was especially proud of his knowledge of French. Indeed, it was said that this respectable Mayor had a way of oppressing his less highly cultured fellow-townsmen by an anxiety to parade his mastery of the French of Paris. The Mayor suggested that a public reception should be given to Prince Napoleon, in order to testify the sympathy which true Irishmen ought to have with the people of France and the house of Bonaparte. The proposal was eagerly adopted, and the Mayor, as was to be expected, undertook to deliver the address. The ceremony was duly arranged, and Prince Napoleon appeared at the right time. Then his worship, the Mayor, stepped forward and delivered a long and eloquent address, spoken without the help of any manuscript, in what the bystanders assumed to be the native tongue of the illustrious visitor. Prince Napoleon listened with what Hans Breitman calls "a beautiful, solemn smile" on his face, and when the address was over he delivered his reply in the most correct and fluent English. In his opening sentences he thanked the meeting for the generous reception given to him, and the Mayor of Cork for the speech to which he had just listened. He felt sure, he said, that that speech expressed the most kindly and generous sentiments of welcome; but he added his deep regret that, as he never had had any opportunity of studying the noble Irish language, he was not able to follow the words of the worthy chief magistrate.

—*Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences.*

AN Irishman who served on board a man-of-war was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line of considerable length that was dragging over the taffrail.

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After pulling in forty or fifty fathoms of the line, which put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, but loud enough to be overheard by an officer:

"Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the leg or arm it'll have last! What! More of it yet? Och, murther! The say's mighty deep, to be sure!"

After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped short, and looking up to the officer on the watch, he exclaimed:

"Bad luck to me, sorr, if I don't belave somebody's cut off the other ind o' this line!"—*Oxford Democrat.*

ON the night of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons prize-fight a New York man reached the apartment-house in which he lived about two o'clock. A search of all his pockets failed to bring forth his keys. He rang the bell repeatedly for the janitor, but could get no response. There were family reasons why it was inadvisable for him to spend the rest of the night away from home. The sight of a physician's nightbell gave him an idea. He pushed the button hard for thirty seconds or more. In due season the physician came to the door and opened it. "What is your fee for night calls?" asked the locked-out individual.

"Four dollars," was the surprised reply.

"All right, here you are. I was locked out and couldn't get in. Sorry to trouble you," and the man of expedients began his weary march upstairs.—*Argonaut.*

A COUPLE of candidates for the Legislature in Nevada were rating each other in a public debate. Finally the hotter-

NEW PUBLICATIONS

F. TENNYSON NEELY: NEW YORK AND LONDON.

The Child Witness. By Helen Norwood Halsey.
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Lady Blanche's Salom. By Lloyd Brice.
My Scottish Sweetheart. By Charles Reekle.
A Gentleman in Waiting. By Cornelius V. V. Sewell.
Looking Ahead. By H. Pereira Mendes.
A Man of Honor. By Helen F. Potter.

The Letters of Captain Alfred Dreyfus to His Wife. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.

Patriotic Nuggets. Gathered by John R. Howard. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. 40 cents.

Rosalba. By Olive P. Rayner. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Santiago Campaign. By Major-General Joseph Wheeler. Philadelphia: Drexel-Biddle. \$2.50.

The Morality of the Profession of Letters. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Gouverneur, New York: Brothers of the Book.

headed of the two burst out with a declaration that he could whip his rival or any of his friends.

"That reminds me," said the other coolly, "of a dog my father used to have that could whip any dog in the neighborhood, or any that came that way with the teamsters."

"What's the comparison, sir?" roared the other. "I'll stand no innuendoes, sir! Make your comparison if you dare!"

"It is simply this, my pugnacious friend. No one ever thought of sending my father's dog to the Legislature."

—*Exchange.*

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in the career of
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at some time?

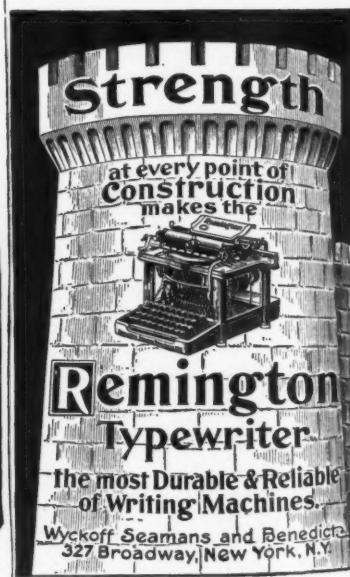
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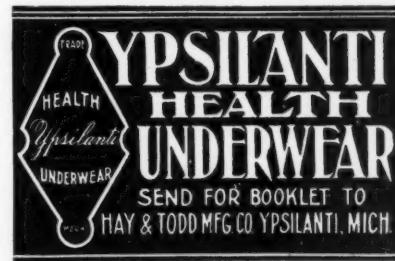
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MR. B. C. EVERINGHAM,
Advt. Mgr. LIFE,
New York City.

DEAR MR. EVERINGHAM:

I do not think LIFE would be a good advertising medium for everything. I know of no publication which would be.

I do know, however, that LIFE is one of the best mediums for reaching people with money, discrimination and taste. It is among the very first weeklies on every list which I make up, where the article is of interest to such a class.

The results obtained by my customers have uniformly justified my opinion.

I consider it an unusually desirable medium for transportation advertisements, and use it freely, as you know, with the most satisfactory results for my customers.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1899.

Yours very truly,

Frank Presbrey

Mr. Presbrey is the President of the Frank Presbrey Co., and is an authority on Recreation and Transportation advertising. He has entire charge of the publicity of Raymond and Whitcomb, The Old Dominion Line, The Clyde Line, The Hamburg American Line, and many other Steamship and Railroad Companies.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION NEW YORK

He had come upon her dozing in her hammock, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss.

"Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss."

"One!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "I counted eight before I woke up."—*Exchange*.

"I HONOR them for it," Mr. Springer said in his speech. "An honest man always expresses his honest convictions. It is this that makes him the noblest work of God. As for me, in the language of an eminent American statesman, I would 'rather be right than be President.'"

"Ya-as," drawled Mr. Reed, with a quaint twinkle in his eye. "Well, you'll never be either."

—*Saturday Evening Post*.

AN ENORMOUS INDUSTRY.

Our enormous facilities, tremendous output, rapid movement of goods always fresh in the hands of consumers, insures the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the first place in American homes.

THE late Robert Bonner had his views on the temperance question, but he was not a bigot. Somebody asked him, a few years ago, if he were a teetotaler. "Am I a teetotaler? No," said Mr. Bonner, in answer to the question; "no, I am not a teetotaler. I had a glass of sherry when I came to New York in 1844." It is not on record whether he ever took another.—*Argonaut*.

"I CANNOT understand ze language," said the despairing Frenchman. "I learn how to pronounce ze word 'hydrophobia,' and zen I learn zat ze doctors sometimes pronounce it fatal."—*Exchange*.

THE HOTEL "THORNDIKE," BOSTON, opp. the Public Gardens, the entrance of the Subway, and near the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R., is unsurpassed for location. European plan.

At a recent duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interposed, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking for half an hour."—*Exchange*.

"SOME men have the best luck!"

"How so?"

"There's McIntosh, for instance; ice-cream gives his girl neuralgia."—*Chicago Record*.

AN American make, superior to any European make, its bouquet lovely, Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry.

TEACHER: Mary, make a sentence with "dogma" as subject.

MARY (after careful thought): The dogma has three puppies.—*Exchange*.

THE apex of "plainness" seems to have been attained by an old gentleman "down-east."

"Why," said one of his good friends, "he was so homely that when he made up a face he was handsomer than he was at other times!"—*Youth's Companion*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric Lights. New and most approved plumbing.

HE: I am rather more in favor of the English than the American mode of spelling.

SHE: Yes?

"Yes, indeed. Take 'parlour,' for instance; having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

—*Boston Christian Register*.

THOSE who know old Mr. Wilson of this place personally will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed.—*Country Weekly*.

AN INMATE of a Scotch lunatic asylum was visited by a relative, who asked if the clock in the room was right. "If it had been a' richt, dae ye think it wad ha' been here?"

—*Exchange*.

REGARDING THE SOUTH.

There has been published by the Southern Railway a large volume, 11x9 inches, which is beyond question the most comprehensive and at the same time beautiful publication of its kind ever issued. It is not in any sense a railway advertisement, but within its 184 pages are upwards of four hundred exquisite illustrations, and a well-written treatise on the great progress which the South is making in all lines of human activity. The postage on the book is 18 cents, but a copy will be sent postpaid to any address for 25 cents upon application to A. S. Thweatt, E. P. A., Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York.

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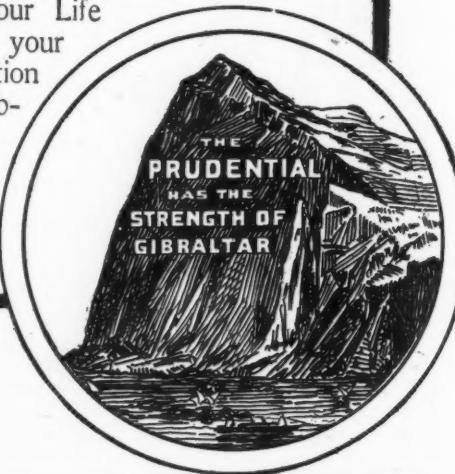
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THE FOUR AGES OF A BATHER.

—Journal Amusant.

